

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Courper.*



BURNING THE MISER'S LAST WILL.

DAVID LLOYD'S LAST WILL.

CHAPTER XXXI.—MARK FINDS MORE THAN HE LOOKS FOR.

MARK stood for a minute or two like one in a dream, almost unwilling to stretch out his hand to verify the truth, or prove the illusion of his unexpected discovery. If he were not dreaming, here was one hidden hoard at least; and the old mole-catcher's estimate of Mr. Lloyd's character had been more just than his own. The bag was nearest the door, and the packet lay beyond it more out of sight, where

it had been thrust back by the hand of the dead owner of the gold. Mark saw the bag first, and lifting it down, untied the mouth of it with hesitating and reluctant fingers. It was true, then. Here were golden coins, not so bright, perhaps, as when they had been fondled day after day in the hard palms of the miser, but still bright enough to glitter in the lamp-light. He poured them out, and counted three hundred and thirty-nine sovereigns. Mark sat down before the little table and the heap of gold, resting his head upon his hand, and thinking. By this time

he knew pretty nearly what the value of the late Mr. Lloyd's estate was, and it struck him suddenly that there was some relation between the greater sum and this lesser one. Was it possible that this hoard could be a kind of tithe paid to his god, Mammon? It was certainly a percentage upon his wealth, each sovereign representing a hundred pounds put out at interest in some safe investment. Could the old man have thus blended the instincts of the miser of olden times with the commercial sagacity of the covetous man of the present day? There lay the hundredth part of his accumulated riches, cold, hard, glittering coins kept for the touching and the handling; and Mark could almost fancy he detected the thin grasping shadow of a withered hand hovering over the treasure. It seemed a loathsome thing to him, this hidden gold—a hideous, soul-destroying snare. But if his conjecture were correct there would be no other hoard found in the house. He got up slowly and unwillingly, and carried the lamp in his hand to take a second look into the depths of the small recess. There was no more gold there, only a packet, and Mark reached it out from its hiding-place, at first with almost a sense of relief; but his heart gave a great throb, and the pulses beat heavily in his temples, as his eye fell upon the words, written in large clear characters, "The Last Will of me, David Lloyd, made February 26, 1863."

Mark staggered back to the table, and laid the packet, with its superscription upwards, beside the heap of yellow gold. He was in no haste to open it, and he stood gazing at it with dim eyes, going over rapidly in his mind all that had been done since David Lloyd died. The former will had been so good, so kind to Christopher Lloyd's children, if not to Christopher Lloyd himself, that not a murmur, not a breath of objection, had been raised against it. There could be no change, therefore, for the better, but probably one greatly the worse for the family of David Lloyd's brother in this later will. It was his duty, however, to open and read it, and at length Mark sat down at the table again to break the seals, and untie the ribbon.

The cover contained two documents, the one a soiled half-sheet of thick yellowish paper wrapped about the other, which was folded and sealed like a letter, and addressed to himself. The first document, which proved to be the will itself, was short, containing only so many words as constituted him, Mark Fletcher, the sole heir of whatever property the testator might possess at the time of his death, without reservation or condition. It was entirely in the handwriting of David Lloyd, with his signature, and those of the witnesses, plainly written at the foot of it. So simple was the bequest, and so unburdened with directions, that there seemed no room for any flaw or informality in it. Solely and absolutely Mark Fletcher was appointed heir. Mark laid down the will, and leaned his head again upon his hands, thinking. Why had the old man done this thing? What motive could he possibly have for cutting off his own family, and bequeathing his toilsomely gathered wealth to one who had no claim upon him? He knew well that Mr. Lloyd had regarded him with greater affection, and reposed more confidence in him than in any other person; but never had he given him any intimation that he purposed to make him his heir. If he had done so, Mark would have been earnest and persevering in his expostulations until the will had been altered, or until Mr. Lloyd had

been convinced that he would inherit under it only to do justice to the natural heirs.

At that thought Mark raised his head. He could do that now. If he were sole inheritor of the estate he might act as he pleased; there was not even any obligation—so far as he saw it in the first hurried glance at his new position—for making known the existence of this later will. The only reason he might have for doing so would be, in the distribution of his wealth, to endow Barry more richly than the others. But this idea did not hold him long. Barry's share was already larger than the others by the special bequest of the house to her; and after all, it might be wisest and most just to abide by the provisions of the first will.

He took up the sealed letter now, and opened it. It was not so much a letter as a formal, half-legal deed, couched in solemn terms, and appealing to his honour and rectitude to carry out the designs of the dead man, as contained in this second and secret trust. He reminded Mark that the greater portion of his wealth was locked up in lands and houses, and that therefore he could not bequeath them to charities. He made him his heir simply that he might become the agent through whom his posthumous bounty could be communicated. His reliance upon Mark's rectitude, and upon his disregard of riches, was so perfect, he said, that he did this in the fullest confidence that his wishes would be faithfully carried out. After this preface came the uses to which his property was to be applied.

Mark read the long and formal letter through twice, but the words seemed to fail in making any impression upon his brain. He saw, with fantastic accuracy, the fir-coppice he had paced in the light of the setting sun, with the flicker of shadow and sunshine playing about his steps. He saw Barry gazing about her domains with the critical eye of a mistress, and heard her merry laugh when she caught his own glance of intelligence. How happy they had been! How happy they all were in this inheritance! What a pretty bounteousness there was in all Barry's plans for the future! He had watched the pallid tints and hollow lines of care vanishing from her sweet face, and blessed the smiles and healthy hues that had succeeded them. Her father, too, how he had improved in health and spirits since his brother died! There were Mab and the boys, as well, all full of joys such as those snatched from the dismal privations of poverty were likely to feel. Mark thought of them all; and while thinking, felt as if he were still rambling among the fir-trees, which had heard him tell his love to Barry so many months ago.

He did not wish to come back to the consideration of the secret trust, but his mind rushed back suddenly to it with a strong rebound, which made his pulses beat again in his temples with the force of a sledge-hammer. Why! They had no right to their wealth and happiness; it was all hollow and empty, a mere bubble of thin painted air, which would burst in their hands. He was the heir, and everything belonged to him; yet not to him, or he would hasten to rid himself of the unjust possessions, and give them back to those who could take them rightfully. Mark paused at the word unjust. Mr. Lloyd had made his will, having a perfect right to make it, and to make it as it pleased himself. Every penny that he had left behind him was of his own earning and saving: there was no question here of birthright or old family lands. If Mr. Christopher Lloyd had

chosen to live with half the frugality of his brother, there would have been no poverty now for his children. Mark entered into the drift of David Lloyd's reasonings. His brother's family had no hereditary claim upon his hardly-got wealth; and if he bequeathed it to the poor, from whom he withheld it during his life, they had no just ground for complaint.

But Mark could not banish from his mind the image of Barry plunged into poverty again, and a poverty so much the worse now that there would be no hope of better times coming. What a terrible thing it would be for them to fall down again from the fair safe summit to which they had been lifted, into the tossing and troublous waves of adversity! It would be hard for Barry to give up her short-lived reign at the Heath House, but doubly hard to bend her heart once more to the yoke which she had borne so bravely before, but which she could never bear so bravely again. It was a cruel chance which had happened to them—a chance that had been no part of Mr. Lloyd's purpose. He had not designed this shock of disappointment for his brother's children. Yet why had he hidden his will away in that unlikely hiding-place, instead of entrusting it to his lawyer? Could it be that he, not satisfied that he had done well, had kept it in his own possession that he might have the power to destroy it at any moment—at the last moment, perhaps, when he felt himself dying, and gained clearer wisdom as he drew nearer to the revealing light of the world to come?

Mark's heart seized upon this thought, and cherished it, as it was prone to cherish all extenuating views of the conduct of others. If David Lloyd could look back now, would he not regret, nay, absolutely repent of, this last will of his? If there had been no natural heirs, Mark felt how much he would have rejoiced in the trust reposed in him, and with what satisfaction he would have executed the conditions of the secret will. He read through the paper again, seeing how the wealth of the testator was bequeathed, and thinking how he would have set about his executorship. But what was he to do now? How could he evade the duty thrust upon him thus to the injury of his dearest friends? If he produced this later will he could not inherit under it without taking upon himself the moral obligation of fulfilling the secret trust. Without this trust, which had no binding force in law, he could have inherited all in order to resign all; but now, if the will stood, Barry fell.

Mark was in a great strait. His brain was in a whirl, and presented to him exaggerated pictures of the consequences of producing this later will. It could not be done, he exclaimed aloud; he could not be made the instrument by which so cruel a blow should be struck at those dearer to him than himself. But for Trevor's foolish tales the will might have remained in its hiding-place for years, until he, perhaps, had passed away from all earthly duties. No one could compel him to act upon it. Nobody knew of its existence, even, except himself, for no doubt Clough and Nanny were satisfied that the will which had been already proved was the one they had witnessed. Clough had disappeared, having no interest in remaining in the neighbourhood, and Nanny was more than content with her legacy. If he destroyed the will no harm could come of it.

Mark held the paper to the flame of the lamp, and singed a corner of it; but he drew back his hand to

deliberate again. Neither justice nor honour could demand from him the executing of this insane will, the will of a crazed miser, covetous of posthumous good works. Mr. Lloyd would have destroyed it himself had he lain upon a sick-bed, and had time for reflection there. Moreover, there seemed no easier way of averting much sorrow from Barry; and the secret was his own.

He held the paper again over the flame until it was consumed. Then he opened his window to scatter the ashes upon the turf below. The cool soft grey of the morning was spreading over heath and sky, and giving a tender hue to the dewy flowers in the garden. "Barry's garden," he said to himself. Yes, it was hers now safely; and she should never know how near she had been to the loss of her little kingdom, in which she took so pleasant a pride.

CHAPTER XXXII.—ROCKS AHEAD.

BARMOUTH, the native town of Mr. Christopher Lloyd, is a quaint, odd little seaport, built upon the face of a high and steep rock fronting south-westward to Cardigan Bay. House rises above house upon any shelf or crevice of the cliff where a dwelling can stand—houses with walls of living rock three feet thick, which defy the storms sweeping over the sea against them. The parish church stands upon the shore, more than a mile away, surrounded by a graveyard, whose stones tell many a story of shipwreck and sorrow on the sea. The population of the whole parish, with its barren acreage of mountain land, does not exceed fifteen hundred souls, half of whom inhabit the little seaport town. David and Christopher Lloyd had quitted it as boys, friendless and almost penniless, to seek their own fortunes in the world. The latter had not visited it since the birth of Barry, nor his brother since the death of his daughter Ellen. They had not any personal acquaintances there, but their names, and the memory of their forefathers, lingered still in the small out-of-the-world place, and it seemed a very pleasant thing to Mr. Christopher Lloyd to display his pretty daughters and their new riches in the eyes of old neighbours, who had known his mother years ago in her poverty. Barry felt a pleasure, sometimes a little saddened, in the childish pride of her father, and was willing to gratify it as far as it lay in her power; but Mab left Manchester and Richard Crichton in a sulky fit of ill-temper, and was resolved not to enjoy Barmouth, nor to let the others enjoy it. The journey was a tedious one, and the last stage of it was accomplished in a small ferry-boat, which conveyed them across the mouth of the estuary, into which flows the river Mawddach. The tide was coming in, with a thick mist which hid both land and sea, and a drizzling rain was falling. They were all wet and cold, and Barry had a vague, uncomfortable presentiment of regret that she had induced her father to visit Barmouth.

But this presentiment vanished on the morrow. Barry was awakened early in the morning by the soft murmur and moan of waves rolling in gently upon smooth sands, and she dressed herself quickly to go down upon the shore to the edge of the sea. It was stretching before her all alight with the eastern sun, sparkling up to the blue, unbroken line of the seaward horizon, only a shade or two darker than the blue of the sky. On each side of the bay a range of mountains, some far enough away to lie as softly as clouds upon the sky-line, reached out their

arms lovingly towards the west. Behind Barmouth lay the Merioneth hills, with Cader Idris among them, near enough to make it no more than a summer day's ramble to climb to its summit. Barry turned back to the hotel satisfied, and found her father at the door, deep in conversation with the landlord. He called her to him as she was passing by, and drew her hand proudly within his arm. The fresh air of the sea had brought a bloom upon her cheeks, and tossed her hair into becoming confusion, and Mr. Christopher Lloyd was not one to let his daughter's charms pass unnoticed.

"My eldest daughter, Mr. Jones," he said, impressively, "Barry Lloyd. We call her Barry after her mother's mother, who was one of the old family of Barrys. There is no older family in North Wales. You had some pretty girls in Barmouth when I was a young man, the last time I was here, but I think I could show my girls with any of them. Ay! and they are good girls, and rich ones too. You've heard of the fortune my brother David left them?"

"I never heard David Lloyd was dead!" exclaimed Mr. Jones.

"Never heard he was dead!" repeated Mr. Christopher Lloyd, somewhat peevishly; "why, Barry, my love, how was it that the announcement was not sent to the *Merioneth Herald*? Dear! dear! Mark Fletcher should have seen to this, knowing how bad my poor head is. Yes, Mr. Jones, my brother died in March, and left his property to my children. They will come into from eight to ten thousand apiece. Not a bad fortune for a pretty girl, is it?"

In the simple little Welsh seaport, where money was scarce, the sum sounded a large one, especially as the Lloyds had left the town poor. The rumour of it ran like wildfire through the place, and by the time Mr. Christopher Lloyd and his family had breakfasted, most of the population were on the look-out to catch a glimpse of them. As they wandered down the one irregular street which skirts the foot of the rock, curious eyes followed them, while the older inhabitants pressed forward to renew their acquaintance with their former townsman. Mr. Christopher Lloyd appeared almost to grow in height as he paced the short limits of his native town, so full of exultation was he, and so triumphantly did he carry himself. It was his jubilee, he said, the year of his return to his native land. The old vaunting spirit of display had taken possession of him with sevenfold strength; and Barry herself could not keep him in check.

But this display was the single element of enjoyment to Mab in the rustic solitude of Barmouth. She liked to be thus singled out as an object of admiration after a fashion impossible in Manchester. The little stream of summer visitors, scantier than it is now, began to set in towards the remote seaport, and the season, if it could be called a season, began. Wandering tourists, and artists picture-hunting through Wales, strayed through the romantic valley of the Mawddach, under the brow of Cader Idris, and stayed for a day or two longer at the hotel where the Lloyds remained, for Mr. Christopher Lloyd would not hear of removing to more private and less expensive lodgings. He held a sort of court there, which was attended daily by old captains of sloops, and ancient Welsh women, in an almost obsolete costume, who had known his father and mother; while Barry and the two boys made whole days' excursions upon the mountains, and Mab, with any

new friend picked up among the visitors, dawdled about the shore. Mab had letters to write and receive on the sly, for she amused herself still with the romantic fiction that it was necessary to conceal her engagement to Richard Crichton, and upon the whole she preferred Barry leaving her a good deal alone with her chance acquaintances. Mab was conspicuous on the sands of Barmouth that summer, as pretty girls are apt to make themselves at seaside resorts.

The whole family of the Lloyds were thus severally and separately enjoying their sojourn at Barmouth, when one morning Mr. Lloyd's levée was attended by a stranger, who announced himself as Mr. Evan Evans. He was a dark, solemn, sinister-looking man, against whom Mr. Christopher Lloyd immediately felt a strong and childish prejudice.

"I came," said Mr. Evans, "to make some inquiries concerning Mr. Lloyd, of Clunbury Heath House. I hear that he is dead."

"He is," replied Mr. Christopher Lloyd, gravely; "he died on the 26th of last March."

"He made a will before his decease?" said Mr. Evans.

"Certainly," was the answer, "I need make no mystery of my brother's will. He was a rich man when he died, owning near upon £40,000; and he left it in equal shares to my children. Many men would have resented being cut out, even by their own children, but I did not. No, I am quite satisfied."

"Were there no special bequests?" asked Mr. Evans.

"He left the Heath House specially to my eldest daughter," replied Mr. Christopher Lloyd; "it is quite a mansion; you have no house in Barmouth as large. That was the only special bequest, except a small annuity to his old servant."

"Do you tell me there was nothing left to charities?" persisted Mr. Evans.

"Not a penny," he answered, with a short laugh; "my brother had given very little away during his lifetime, and he didn't do it in his will."

"There is some mistake here," said Mr. Evans, "and I intend to see into it. Let me read you a letter from the deceased, sir."

He unclasped a pocket-book, drawing from it a letter, which appeared to have been carefully preserved, and showing it to Mr. Christopher Lloyd, demanded if it were not his brother's handwriting. Without doubt it was, he answered. Upon which Mr. Evans read it aloud in a slow and emphatic voice.

"Clunbury Heath House, March 1st, 1863.

"To the Minister and Trustees of Capel Coed, near Barmouth.

"Dear Brethren,—I do not forget you in my old age, nor the sweet counsel I took with the elders among you when we were wont to walk to the house of God in company. Above all, I remember that it was in your place of worship that my beloved and only child Ellen spent her last Sabbath upon earth. It has for a long time been my intention to make some gift to your chapel; but it has never yet been in my power. I have, however, executed a will, superseding all former wills, and bearing date February 26th, 1863, by which I bequeath to Capel Coed the interest of the sum of £500, which will be invested in the names of the trustees, and be by them added to the yearly stipend of the minister.

"I am, dear brethren,

"Your old and faithful friend,

"DAVID LLOYD."

Mr. Christopher Lloyd listened to this letter with a smile of incredulity curling his lips, and with a knowing shake of his head. He felt himself a mark for imposition, and he was bent upon manifesting his ancient shrewdness.

"A forged letter, my good sir," he said, superciliously; "you are a stranger to me, but I do not mind telling you that I heard and read my poor brother's will, and there was no mention whatever of Capel Coed. You are either imposed upon, or are trying to impose upon me."

"Is this your brother's writing?" asked Mr. Evans.

"No, it is not," answered Mr. Christopher Lloyd, with an easy air.

"You said it was," persisted Mr. Evans.

"Yes, I said so, but it cannot be," he replied, "because I've seen my brother's will, and he never mentioned such a place as Capel Coed. You may try this dodge on with the executor, but he'll say the same thing. That is no letter of David Lloyd's."

"Where is the executor to be found?" asked Mr. Evans, with a composure strongly in contrast with the petulant excitement of Mr. Christopher Lloyd.

"He is now at Clunbury Heath House," he answered; "you can write to him there; and I shall write by to-day's mail. I never heard of such a thing. Not but that £500 would be a mere crumb of my brother's wealth; but it was never mentioned in the will."

"Who is the executor?" inquired Mr. Evans.

"Mr. Mark Fletcher," was the reply.

"I think I know him," said the stranger, with a sinister smile, "the same that was to have married Ellen Lloyd."

"You are right," answered Mr. Christopher Lloyd; "but you'll find him no easy person to impose upon."

Mr. Evans replied calmly, and went his way, leaving Mr. Christopher Lloyd fuming and fretting with indignation. He spoke almost tearfully of it to Barry, who soothed him with soft words, telling him that though her uncle might have forgotten to insert the legacy in his will, she would gladly pay it for the chapel which he wished to benefit, if the letter should prove to be really in his handwriting. He was comforted, and reinstated in his own self-complacency, and falling in with Mr. Jones, the landlord, he related to him the incident, and added to it Barry's noble promise.

LYNCH LAW IN AMERICA.

MUCH has been said and written lately about Lynch law in America. I have seen several letters upon the subject in the London daily newspapers, but my attention has been particularly drawn to it by reading a chapter upon it in that interesting work entitled "Greater Britain," by Charles Wentworth Dilke. Mr. Dilke writes upon the subject with some knowledge, and I am therefore not surprised at learning that his opinions are much different from those I have seen expressed on the subject in the London papers.

I am no apologist for ways and customs that are universally condemned by all who profess the most civilisation. I am no advocate for Lynch law, but

something may be said for it *where no better law can be obtained*, and I do not like to hear it condemned by people who are ignorant of the circumstances under which it is used, and of the people who have used it.

Unfortunately, many knew first the name of Judge Lynch in connection with the slave states of the South. When an abolitionist was found in those regions he was in danger of being "lynched," and the indignation with which his treatment was viewed in England caused a prejudice against the system elsewhere. But the slave states were in an exceptional and unnatural state. The people there were living on a volcano, and they deserved an overflow of judgment as much as Sodom and Gomorrah ever did. The instinct of self-preservation led them to silence by lawless violence any voice raised in behalf of freedom or education of the slaves. But it would be a great error to judge of Lynch law by the abuse of it in the slave states. At all events, it is well that Englishmen should know the difference, and Mr. Dilke's book has explained much of what they misunderstood and misrepresented.

It is a painful and unhappy thing that men are often under the necessity of correcting their fellow-beings; but such is the case, and the unpleasant duty is performed for the principal purpose of preventing others from committing similar crimes. I wish first to show that Americans have a more intelligent and humane manner of dealing with criminals than we have here. Nearly twenty years ago they abolished flogging in the army and navy. Many of the states have abolished capital punishment, and some of them derive a revenue from the labour of convicts undergoing punishment. Their convicts under sentence are reformed instead of being made worse, and instances are very rare of a man incurring the risk of another term. Under this wise and effective system, why have Lynch law? some may inquire. My answer is, that while the people of the western part of America are more united than any others in the firm determination of having every criminal punished, they know by experience that justice, when attended by civil law, often miscarries, and in these places they take means to prevent this. They do not prefer Lynch law to regular law, but they prefer it to the impunity of crime, and to the law of revolver and bowie-knife.

The number of crimes committed in England, and the lenient manner in which those who commit them are treated, shows the sympathy existing in the general community for the convict classes, but there is room here for all that sympathy, without any of it being bestowed upon the border ruffians of the west. I was in California in the years 1850 and 1851, where I saw men flogged, shot, or hanged by Lynch law. Each punishment was a painful scene, but was conducted in as quiet and orderly a manner as in organised communities. On each occasion the culprit received a fair trial, and was proved beyond all doubt guilty of murder, or robbery with violence. They were tried and punished by honest, temperate, and intelligent men, who were determined to follow the occupation of gold-digging in peace and safety, without being robbed or murdered by a few of the worst characters that had assembled there from all parts of the earth except its centre. They were men who were determined to put down "tomahawk and bowie-knife law," in place of establishing it, as some writers here suppose.

Mr. Dilke, who in his travels west, apparently

made himself familiar with the subject of Lynch law, says on page 242 of the first volume of his work, "Thanks to the vigilance committees, California stands before the other far-western states. Rowdism is being put down, as the God-fearing Northerners gain ground."

There is nothing in Lynch law, fairly administered, that an honest man should fear; but those who wish to live by deeds of crime would rather prefer regular established authority, which often protects them by the "inglorious uncertainty of the law." The London housebreakers, thieves, garotters, and pickpockets, should have a great respect for the powers that be, for they can indulge in their various occupations, with the certainty that, if molested, they will be kept comfortably at the public expense. Still more may the petty tradesman who uses false weights and measures, and sells adulterated food, and makes himself daily more rich and "respectable" by robbing the poor, have profound respect for law and order. It is very troublesome to detect and very difficult to convict these rogues. But the fear of having to meet the indignation of an honest outraged community would cause them to earn an honest living. A working men's vigilance committee might mitigate the nuisance, whereas by law there is only a slight fine, which they can well afford to pay, in order to continue their depredations. I believe on an average they are fined only about ten shillings each, once a year.

On the gold-fields of Australia I saw two outrages committed, which were there called punishments by Lynch law. They were not, but were merely the actions of a few blind, infuriated people, governed by no law but that of uncultivated human nature in a storm, and of a few other senseless people, who joined in the riot for the sake of what they called a "lark." The scenes contemptuously dignified by the name of Lynch law there were not conducted with that sense of propriety and calmness of men performing a painful yet necessary duty. When Bentley's Eureka Hotel was burnt down at Ballarat, in Victoria, after the murder of James Scoby, the colonial papers said it was the first time an English colony had been disgraced by Lynch law. They knew no more of Lynch law than did the author of the letter that lately appeared in the "Daily News," entitled "Lynching in America."

Lynch law never destroys a man's property, but even when it carries out the extreme penalty, a committee will administer upon his effects, and every penny will be faithfully accounted for to his next of kin.

Again I say, I do not advocate Lynch law. It is bad. There is but one thing worse, and that is, for crime to go unpunished, as is too often the case where civilisation is supposed to be the most perfect. Where Lynch law is sometimes practised, crime is not the most frequent. Far from it. The rarer the deeds of crime, the more outraged are the feelings of a community when one is committed amongst them. Familiarity does not always breed contempt. Sometimes its offspring is indifference or apathy.

Nearly every crime committed in California in the early days of gold-digging was read about all over the world, its punishment being so certain and tragic. In the absence of settled law and government, but for Lynch law the diggings would have been a perfect pandemonium.

In the "Melbourne Argus" of the 5th of November, 1852, there were 266 advertisements

offering rewards for stolen property; yet, by a curious coincidence, the London "Times," of November 6th of the same year, in referring to the Australian colonies, says, "It is gratifying to learn that English love of law and common sense there predominate." At that time California was styled by the English press "the land of bloodshed and crime," yet three-fourths of the crimes committed there were by men from the Australian colonies, who had once been English convicts.

In California a man could leave his shovel and pickaxe on his mining claim at night, and find them there in the morning. In Australia, he must take them home and keep them in his tent, or within reach of dog chained at the door. As courts were not then established on the diggings of Australia, hundreds of people who were robbed would not make known their loss, for fear of having to go more than one hundred miles through the mud to Melbourne, and lose a month of valuable time in giving evidence. The diggers were then suffering from the want of a little of the rough-and-ready justice which honest men could on the spot administer. I heard of a parallel case in regard to the volunteers at Wimbledon. The first year of the encampment some of the "swell-mob" gained entrance, and many thefts took place from the tents. One or two of these rogues being caught, received such a ducking and drubbing, that the nuisance was at once abated. They feared the Lynch law of the volunteers far more than the formal processes of law and police courts. The probabilities would be against conviction, after immense trouble and loss of time, with the certainty of light and rather wholesome treatment if convicted.

Respectable law-abiding people in highly-civilised communities have much to blame themselves for, in respect to the immunity of criminals. If a man has a watch seized from him in a London crowd, there are generally more men to assist the thief in escaping than those who make an effort to detain him. Not that the majority of the crowd are bad, but because they are too respectable to be of any use on any such occasion. A pickpocket would not dare go amongst a crowd of sailors, and violently take a watch from one of them. He knows that they are honest, bold, and manly, and that he would be certain to receive some punishment. Amongst a crowd of those who think themselves gentlemen, he is under the protection of the law, and must be treated with every kindness. If seized he must be handled gently while being taken away to his dinner. In the apathy displayed by people here as to crimes committed upon their neighbours while they are unmolested themselves, I see much resemblance to the Chinese, who in this respect have reached the highest state of civilisation.

Justice is so often robbed and cheated that thieves have but little respect for her. Government officials will not always do their duty. They do not here. They do not in America; but the difference between the two countries is, that here the people suffer patiently the expense of thousands of trials in which justice is cheated, and in the western part of America the people sometimes act for themselves.

What I have said may at least explain the existence of Lynch law in America. The poor and criminal classes are in England subjected to many strong temptations, stronger than in America. Reared in ignorance, or only educated in evil ways, they often find themselves on the verge of starvation, and can

make the want of employment and food an excuse for crime. In western America this is not the case. Every man can earn an honest living, and in time become comparatively wealthy by his own industry. Knowing this, every honest man is justly indignant at those whose innate depravity urges them to the commission of crime.

There are two sides to every question, and the people of the Western States of America are quite as capable of knowing what is right and justifiable as are those who criticise them. It is not fair to judge of men's usages by our own conditions and circumstances alone. Customs that would be impossible for people here to carry out fairly, may be well suited to another community composed of none but those who can act under all circumstances in a calm and sensible manner.

Such a thing as Lynch law in an English city, or in the city of New York, where two-thirds of the population are foreigners, would be impossible. The attempt would only be the action of a blind, infuriated mob, made more ridiculous by the vulgar acts of those who join every city mob in search of mischief or plunder.

Here, the peace, law, civil officers, and everything else, belong to the Crown, and the people have no right to take the management of anything into their own hands. In America the officers of the government are but the servants of the people, and if they neglect doing their duty their masters, the citizens, may consistently do it for them. And, though I have excepted New York, while I am writing I read as follows in the "Pall Mall Gazette":—"The cases of Lynch law which we hear of in America usually occur in a western or southern state, but it appears quite likely that the next instance of summary retribution on an offender will be reported from New York. It is seriously proposed to establish a vigilance committee in that city. A gang of murderers are at work, and the police fail altogether in checking their crimes. But it is not alone the failure of the police which encourages the appeal to Judge Lynch. The impossibility of bringing a culprit to justice, in consequence of the wholesale corruption of the judges, is the worst evil against which the people have to contend. A murderer is arrested, and somehow or other bribes his way out of prison, or escapes with nominal punishment. The judges will not sentence a man who has influential political friends at his back, the wire-pullers of the ward. The New Yorkers, in despair, propose to take the law into their own hands. We may shortly hear of some rascal ending his days under a lamp-post, and although the scandal would be great, the blame of it would fall on the judicial authorities who now degrade their offices in the eyes of the whole world."

C. B.

THE ROTHSCHILDS.

THE man in the well-known fable who, on his death-bed, gave his sons a bundle of arrows, and asked them to break them, which they could not do unless they separated them and broke the arrows singly, is no fantastic picture. This man lived; his name was Mayer Anselm, and the sign of his shop in the Jews' street at Frankfurt was a red (roth) shield (schild)—*Rothschild*. When Mayer Anselm (Rothschild) was dying, he made his sons promise never to separate, never to divide the inheritance which he left them,

but to increase the whole fortune by means of that union which is strength. This has happened, and the youngest of these five sons, James von Rothschild, who recently died in Paris, endeavoured with all his energies to keep inviolate the promise which he had made to his father. The Rothschild property has never been divided. The reputation of the house has become more firmly established. No storms have been able to shake it; on the contrary, it has increased during the storms of the age. It soon represented the largest figure in the money market, and rose to a mighty power which reckons by millions.

James von Rothschild, born on 15th May, 1792, was the most thoughtful and intelligent head of the Rothschild dynasty. While, on the one hand, he raised the brilliancy and extent of his house by every means in his power, by means which were only at the command of the most speculative financier of the day, he showed, on the other, that generosity which reminds one of the merchant princes of the middle ages. He has more than once been known to throw a bond for a large sum into the flames. He was scarcely twenty years of age when he became chief of the Paris house. Thrones tottered around him, and he often seemed as if he had built on a volcano. Furious storms raged between the banners of the Lilies and the Bees, but his golden throne remained unshaken. His name alone sufficed to carry out numerous and often venturesome undertakings. With his signature, timid shareholders regained their former courage; often, too, he became personally responsible for their interests. He founded the French Northern railway, and took shares in the Eastern, as well as in the Paris and Lyons line. And with all this, his calculating, business-like head had time enough to amuse himself with light literature, to build country houses, and decorate them with the choicest treasures of art, and to carry on perhaps a more extensive private correspondence than any living financier.

The order of his day's work was regulated. From 6 A.M. to 7.30 he had the newspapers read to him in bed; then he dressed himself, breakfasted, received the secretaries, discharged all his business correspondence, then proceeded to his private letter writing, and after 9.30 received dealers in art and curiosities. At eleven he went to his office to prepare his exchange agents; lunched at one with his sons; at three took a drive in his carriage; and then finished his private correspondence, and signed the business letters of the firm. At five a whist party at the Jockey Club always awaited him; and at seven he was back again to dinner. In the evening he generally went to the theatre, and was seldom in bed before midnight.

Begging letters—which followed him wherever he went, worried him not a little, and were often piled up in large heaps in his study—contributed not a little to darken his otherwise friendly and benevolent countenance. With the bullets with which he was threatened if he did not immediately send a sum named to rescue a life from terrible misery or impending ruin, a leaden statue of Rothschild might have been cast! These bold threatening letters he, however, preferred to the insipid, fawning, flattering letters which endeavoured to coax the money out of his purse. If he did give, it was never enough; and he often had to hear how he, the *Cresus*, had given like a miser—"Comme un avare, un véritable Harpagon." This annoyed and soured him, and towards both high and low he was often surly and

rough. Thus it once happened that a gentleman, with a high-sounding name, was shown into his study while he was writing. "Will you be kind enough to take a chair?" said Rothschild, without looking up from his desk. The gentleman felt himself slighted, and repeated his name. "Well, then, take two chairs," replied Rothschild, and went on writing.

Friends, especially his friend Rossini, who was about his own age, he frequently engaged to take shares in safe investments, which were sure to produce large profits; and it was owing to these circumstances that the composer of the "Barbière" and "Tell" left a tolerable fortune behind him. The tones of the great musician would, since 1829, when he composed his masterpiece, "Tell," have much more frequently been produced by his pen if he had not possessed his friend's gold to fall back upon. Rossini was henceforth able to rest upon his laurels and see his star continue to shine in unclouded brilliancy.

For the preceding facts we are indebted to the "Daheim." In the memoirs of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, there is a curious letter to his daughter, describing his meeting Nathan Meyer Rothschild.

"Devonshire Street, Feb. 14, 1834.

"We yesterday dined at Ham House to meet the Rothschilds; and very amusing it was. He (Rothschild) told us his life and adventures. He was the third son of the banker at Frankfort. 'There was not,' he said, 'room enough for us all in that city. I dealt in English goods. One great trader came there who had the market to himself: he was quite the great man, and did us a favour if he sold us goods. Somehow I offended him, and he refused to show me his patterns. This was on a Tuesday; I said to my father, "I will go to England." I could speak nothing but German. On the Thursday I started; the nearer I got to England, the cheaper goods were. As soon as I got to Manchester, I laid out all my money—things were so cheap; and I made good profit. I soon found that there were three profits—the raw material, the dyeing, and the manufacturing. I said to the manufacturer, "I will supply you with material and dye, and you supply me with manufactured goods." So I got three profits instead of one, and I could sell goods cheaper than anybody. In a short time I made my £20,000 into £60,000. My success all turned on one maxim. I said I can do what another man can, and so I am a match for the man with the patterns, and for all the rest of them! Another advantage I had. I was an off-hand man. I made a bargain at once. When I was settled in London, the East India Company had £800,000 worth of gold to sell. I went to the sale, and bought it all. I knew the Duke of Wellington must have it. I had bought a great many of his bills at a discount. The Government sent for me, and said they must have it. When they had got it, they did not know how to get it to Portugal. I undertook all that, and I sent it through France; and it was the best business I ever did.'

"Another maxim, on which he seemed to place great reliance, was never to have anything to do with an unlucky place or an unlucky man. 'I have seen,' said he, 'many clever men, very clever men, who had not shoes to their feet. I never act with them. Their advice sounds very well, but fate is against them; they cannot get on themselves; and if they cannot do good to themselves, how can they do good to me?'

By aid of these maxims he has acquired three millions of money.

"'I hope,' said —, 'that your children are not too fond of money and business, to the exclusion of more important things. I am sure you would not wish that.' Rothschild.—'I am sure I should wish that. I wish them to give mind, and soul, and heart, and body, and everything to business; that is the way to be happy. It requires a great deal of boldness and a great deal of caution to make a great fortune; and when you have got it, it requires ten times as much wit to keep it. If I were to listen to all the projects proposed to me, I should ruin myself very soon. Stick to one business, young man,' said he to Edward; 'stick to your brewery, and you may be the great brewer of London. Be a brewer, and a banker, and a merchant, and a manufacturer, and you will soon be in the "Gazette." . . . One of my neighbours is a very ill-tempered man; he tries to vex me, and has built a great place for swine, close to my walk. So, when I go out, I hear first grunt, grunt, squeak, squeak; but this does me no harm. I am always in good humour. Sometimes, to amuse myself, I give a beggar a guinea. He thinks it is a mistake, and for fear I should find it out, off he runs as hard as he can. I advise you to give a beggar a guinea sometimes; it is very amusing.'

"The daughters are very pleasing. The second son is a mighty hunter; and his father lets him buy any horses he likes. He lately applied to the Emperor of Morocco for a first-rate Arab horse. The Emperor sent him a magnificent one, but he died as he landed in England. The poor youth said very feelingly, 'that was the greatest misfortune he ever had suffered;' and I felt strong sympathy with him. I forgot to say, that soon after M. Rothschild came to England, Bonaparte invaded Germany; 'The Prince of Hesse Cassel,' said Rothschild, 'gave my father his money; there was no time to be lost; he sent it to me. I had £600,000 arrive unexpectedly by the post; and I put it to such good use, that the prince made me a present of all his wine and his linen.'

THE RETURN OF THE SWALLOW.

I know of no incident in animal economy so universally welcome as the advent of the swallow to our changeable clime. All ranks are ready to hail it—to rejoice in it. "I have seen the first swallow!" "Have you seen a swallow yet?" are statements and inquiries in every mouth. And, assuredly, not without good cause, for the swallow is the harbinger of spring, and is associated in all our emotions with the blooming childhood of the year. True, "one swallow does not make a summer;" but it tells us that spring is close at hand, and the last cold clouds of winter are departing, to be lost amid the dark shadows of the past.

Every season we expect and look for them; yet whence they come, and how they come, are yet uncertain riddles. For they do not arrive in numerous bodies, as if a common instinct* impelled them all at once. At first a very small detachment shows

* "The stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times; and the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow observe the time of their coming" (Jer. viii. 7).

Equidem credo quia sit divinitus illis Ingenium—

Virgil, *Georgic I.*, 451.

THE RETURN OF THE SWALLOWS.



itself, as if of an army throwing out its vedettes; and then continually increasing numbers appear, till the occupation of the country by the whole is established. We reflect a little, and we ask how this can be. They have no mariner's compass to guide them over the sea, yet their course is certain, *per mare, per terras*. For unquestionably the same birds find their way to the same resorts through successive years. Are the earliest visitors sent forward to reconnoitre—to spy the land, and the condition of the insect commissariat, and do any of the scouts return with the necessary intelligence to guide the main body? Who is their leader, who their pilot? I have occasionally observed an absence for a day or two of several or all the first comers, and then the arrival of the usual hundreds or thousands that skirt the country round.

And forthwith the busy scene of life begins. An admirable architecture, adapted to every situation and circumstance—without a cavil about Greek, or Gothic, or Italian styles—is immediately and most zealously resorted to; uniform indeed, and with little variety or ornamentation, but wonderfully compact, and fitted for its intended uses.

To watch the process of building is very interesting. Where last year's nests have been, the returning tenants (or, it may be, new occupants) finding a few slight traces, or merely marks, appear to have little trouble in laying the foundations; but where the situations are entirely new there are often considerable difficulties to be surmounted. One season lately, for example, was exceedingly dry, and there must have been far-spread hindrance to the collection and proper mixture of the needful mortar. At least I remarked, on clear spots chosen on hitherto unpolluted walls, that the persevering labour of the poor birds was long labour in vain. A layer, or perhaps two layers, were attached to the smooth surface beneath the eaves, and the active builders rested for a brief space, as usual, till what they laid on was sufficiently dried to superadd to their work. But, alas for the material, before their return it had crumbled to pieces, and on the earth below lay the mouldering morsels and dust of all their anxious toil. In several instances, after continual defeats, they abandoned the enterprise, and flew to seek more suitable quarters elsewhere. Several persevered, and ultimately secured settlements.

But it was from a pair that flitted to another more manageable site that I gained the curious insight into their instinctive capacity which led to these remarks, and my address of this communication to the "Leisure Hour." They had only shifted to a more convenient corner, on which to make their abode and rear their brood. A more industrious and affectionate couple could not be seen, and, judging from the result, there can be no doubt their family was very properly educated. For, as ill-luck would have it, trouble fell upon the parents. At the very morning hour when they were teaching and encouraging their offspring, four in number, to try a flight, a singular accident knocked their (as it seemed not quite strong enough) nest all to pieces, and scattered its fragments over the ground. An odd sort of clamour ensued, and for a few hours the unhoused sufferers were not visible. But, as if an apprenticeship had been passed in that brief period, not only were the old pair observed to have begun the rebuilding of their demolished fabric, but the four nestlings were seen to be assisting in as work-like a manner as if they had been bred to the business, and were serving like assiduous jour-

neymen towards the quickest completion of the joint undertaking. It was a remarkable spectacle. They were flying as if accustomed to it, yet they had never flown before. They plied their journeys, and incessantly came back with the mud for the building, and deposited it dexterously as the work required, and the six pair of wings seemed all equally to pertain to "skilled" swallows, and before night the mansion was habitable! I cannot but conceive that the fact will be thought well worthy of record by the students and lovers of natural history. To me the incident was a source of rare pleasure, and suggested strange speculation on the inexplicable questions involved in the action of animals unendowed with reason, under extraordinary or, as in the present case, altogether novel circumstances. We have always, however we may define it, among the swallow tribes, to all appearance, foresight in their regular migrations, and memory in their selection of the same localities and niches whereon to build, which experience has taught them to be eligible and safe. If last year's birds return (and there must be some recruits to fill up vacancies), they either stick close to the elder establishments or seek similar convenient spots and corners for themselves. But a melancholy instance proved to me that they might be as blind as mortals to the future in cases of vital emergency.

One unfortunate pair happened to choose the window over a trim shop-door for their residence, and clung so pertinaciously to their determination to abide there, that after weeks of struggle they finally tired the cleanly shopkeeper out of sweeping their performances away as fast as they could execute them. Thus, at last, industry and perseverance had their due reward. But, alas! as

"The best laid plans of mice and men,
Gang oft a-glee——"

so badly it fared with the unhappy family reared under these untoward conditions. It was late in the season before the walls of the last nest could be finished, and the interior furnished, and the incubation completed, and the joyous parental twittering heard, as the food acquired by so many rapid evolutions was conveyed to the gaping nursery. Who can tell how many miles were travelled to procure these supplies, how curiously conveyed, and how justly shared?

A crowd of nests upon the parish poorhouse offered an admirable pattern to the human authorities below, which, I hope, could not be lost on the overseers, masters, and mistresses employed in the administration of the charity, and the distribution of the necessities of life. And the more so, as they had no trouble in their collection, but only the task of honest and impartial division among the hapless sons and daughters of poverty and want. Should they need a remembrancer, let them look up to the swallows, and still more earnestly think of them during their wintry absence. But I grieve to come to the end of my tragic anecdote. The autumnal period for the departure of our summer friends arrived before the young in this nest were fledged sufficiently even to offer at flight. The large flocks began to congregate, and exercise the nascent powers of their new being. To observe these, as the more or less robust members are trained on (especially if you can take pains for special or even individual notice), is exceedingly interesting. But for our doomed brood, callow and incapable, there could be no deliverance. Their fate was sealed. The elder pair indulged in wider and

longer excursions, but still returned to their charge, cared for their provision, and used very remarkable means to induce them to leave their nest and trust themselves to the thin air. And so it continued for a week or ten days, when, lo! there was not a swallow to be seen within the scope of the horizon, and only the miserable orphans left to perish in the cradle of their existence. Humanity cannot rear these "chartered libertines;" if they have not liberty, like free nations, they droop and die. So it befell these objects of my solicitude. I could not save them. I could only wish they might belong to a beautiful flock I once saw charmingly represented by an artist friend. They were in full flight, and in the midst of them a pretty little winged Cupid, driving along at "swift" speed, with the motto, "*We fly from the cold.*"

Bushy Heath.

W. J.

The pleasant paper of our correspondent does not indicate the different species of the swallow tribe, nor does this difference much affect the popular delight in the return of the wanderers. When we say that "one swallow does not make a summer," it matters little whether the reference is to the town swallow or the country swallow—to the *Hirundo urtica* or the *Hirundo rustica* of Linnæus. The latter is properly the swallow, the former the martin or martlet. It may interest our readers to give some of the characteristics of these species, and also of the swift (*Cypselus murarius*), the largest of the swallow tribe that visits our islands.

The Swift arrives the latest and departs the earliest, appearing about the middle or latter part of April, and retiring southward early in August. Hence it rears only one brood with us, whereas the other swallows breed generally twice.

There are few village steeples round which these birds may not be observed during the calm evenings of June and July, dashing and wheeling with surprising velocity, uttering loud and piercing screams of exultation; their address and dexterity on the wing are indeed almost beyond conception. On the wing they collect not only their food, but the materials with which they construct their artless nest; such as dried grass, feathers, silk or linen threads, pieces of muslin, and the like: these are no doubt partly taken by force from the nests of sparrows, which are abundant in old towers and steeples, but also skimmed from off the surface of the ground; though the swift is seldom observed, like the swallow or martin, to maintain a long low flight, but in general sails in upper air. The nest is placed in a hole or crevice of the masonry, and thus in darkness the female lays her eggs, which are only two in number, white in colour, and oblong in shape, and rears with great assiduity her young. "When the hen," says White, of Selborne, "has sat hard all day, she rushes forth just as it is almost dark, and stretches and relieves her weary limbs, and snatches a scanty meal for a few minutes, and then returns to her duty of incubation."

The active existence of the swift is passed entirely in the air on the wing; it never settles, except during the few dark hours of a summer's night, and that only to repose. "It is," says the writer just referred to, "a most alert bird, and is on the wing in the height of summer at least sixteen hours. In the longest days, it does not withdraw to rest till a quarter before nine in the evening, being the latest

of all birds. Just before they retire, whole groups of them assemble high in the air, and squeak and shout about with wonderful rapidity. But this bird is never so much alive as in sultry thundering weather, when it expresses great alacrity, and calls forth all its powers. In hot mornings, several getting together in little parties dash round the steeples and churches, squeaking as they go in a very clamorous manner. These by nice observers are supposed to be the males serenading their sitting hens; and not without reason, since they seldom squeak till they come close to the walls or eaves, and since those within utter at the same time a little inward note of complacency."

Mr. White notices the pouch full of insects under the tongue, which when these birds are cruelly and wantonly shot is always discovered. We may add that it is the usual way in which all the British *Hirundines* store up and carry food to their young. Let the thoughtless triflers who are so much in the habit of displaying their skill as marksmen against these useful, unoffending birds, reflect that most probably by every successful shot they have doomed a helpless brood to death from hunger, and that merely to gratify a weak and contemptible vanity.

With the exception of the throat of the swift, which is white, the rest of the plumage is of a sooty black. The wings are of enormous length, far exceeding the tip of the tail when closed; the latter is forked. The tarsi are very short, so that the bird cannot walk, but only crawl; the feet, however, have a strong and tenacious grasp. The proportion which the wings bear to the legs prevents the swift from willingly settling on the ground, as it finds great difficulty in rising, and indeed cannot do so from a perfectly smooth surface until after many ineffectual trials. But this is no defect; the swift was never meant to tread the earth; its home is the sky; there it is in its congenial element, into which it launches as soon as morning breaks, and from which it retires as evening darkens into night. So much for the Swift.

The flight of the Swallow is generally low, but distinguished by great rapidity and sudden turns and evolutions, executed as if by magic. Over fields and meadows, and the surface of pools and sheets of water, all the day may this fleet unwearied bird be seen skimming along, and describing in its oft-repeated circuit the most intricate mazes. The surface of the water is indeed its delight; its insect food is there in great profusion; and it is beautiful to observe with what address it dips and emerges, shaking the spray from its burnished plumage, as, hardly interrupted by the plunge, it continues its career. Thus it feeds, and drinks, and bathes upon the wing.

The swallow breeds twice a year, and constructs its nest of mud or clay, mixed with hair and straw; the clay is tempered with the saliva of the bird, in order to make it tenacious and easy of being moulded; and dissection proves the magnitude of the salivary glands for the purpose of elaborating this viscid fluid. The shell or crust of the nest thus composed is firmly fixed three or four feet down a chimney on the inside, and lined with fine grass and feathers. This is, however, by no means the invariable situation the swallow chooses for her rest; she often builds against the rafters of barns or outhouses; and the writer knows that a pair yearly built in the rafters of a wheelwright's workshop, undisturbed by the din of the hammer or the grating of the saw.

The propensity which these birds, in common with their family, exhibit to return to the same spot, and to build in the same chimney or barn year after year, is one of the most curious parts of their history. During their sojourn in foreign climes, they forget not their old home, but as soon as their instinct warns them to retrace their pilgrimage, back they hasten, and, as experiments have repeatedly proved, the identical pair that built last summer in the barn again take up their old quarters.

It is delightful to witness the care which the swallow manifests towards her brood. When able to leave the nest, she leads them to the ridge of the housetop, where, settled in a row, and as yet unable to fly, she feeds them with great assiduity. In a day or two they become capable of flight, and then they follow their parents in all their evolutions, and are fed by them while on the wing; in a short time they commence an independent career.

The notes of the swallow, though hurried and twittering, are very pleasing; and the more so as they are associated in our minds with ideas of spring, and calm serenity, and rural pleasures. The time in which the bird pours forth its melody is chiefly at sunrise, when, in "token of a goodly day," his rays are bright and warm.

"The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,"

unite alike to call man from his couch of rest, to praise "the God of seasons as they roll."

After the work of incubation, the swallow prepares to depart. Multitudes from various quarters now congregate together, and perch at night in clusters on barns or the branches of trees, but especially among the reeds of marshes and fens, round which they may be observed wheeling and sinking and rising again, all the time twittering vociferously ere they finally settle. It was from this circumstance that some of the older naturalists supposed the swallow to become torpid, and remain submerged beneath the water during winter, and to issue forth from its liquid tenement on the return of spring—a theory now universally discarded. The great body of these birds leave about the end of September, but a few stragglers remain till near the middle of October.

The swallow is easily distinguished by its remarkably forked tail; the forehead and throat are chestnut; the whole of the upper surface, and the breast, black with reflections of steel-blue and purple; under surface white, with a slight wash of reddish brown.

The next British species, the Martin, or martlet, resembles the swallow in its essential habits. It does not, however, appear so soon, by several days, nor is it so active and vigorous on the wing, but skims along more smoothly, with fewer and less rapid evolutions. It is, however, fond of wheeling over the surface of sheets of water, and of dipping as it flies. All are acquainted with its nest, which is fixed under the eaves of houses and barns, among the carved work of towers and Gothic buildings, and also against the precipitous sides of rocks, as is common in Derbyshire. Rows of these little homesteads often adorn the farmer's outhouses, and we have seen more than once a large barn completely encircled by a belt of nests in close contact one with the other. This bird seems more gregarious than the swallow; at least multitudes generally form a colony, tenanting their old habitations year after

year, and uniting to expel and drive off sparrows and other intruders. The crust of the nest is made of clay moistened with saliva, and is lined with feathers. A little aperture admits of the ingress and egress of the parents; and the fledged young, as yet unable to fly, may be often seen anxiously stretching out their heads in expectation of the desired morsel. As in the case of the purple martin of America, a good feeling universally prevails towards this pretty bird, which recommends itself to man by its confidence and its utility; hence it is welcome wherever it chooses to build. The martin leaves our island about the beginning of October; a few, however, sometimes remain over the first week in November.

This bird is distinguished by the less forked character of the tail, and by the pure white of the rump, breast, and under surface; the head and back being purplish black. The tarsi are covered with white down to the very claws. It often breeds thrice in a season, having four or five young each time of incubation.

The Sand-martin is the least of our British swallows, and distinguished by being of a uniform mouse-colour above and white beneath. It is the first of its family to arrive, appearing a week or two before the swallow, and often while the weather is severe. Its flight is more vacillating than that of its congeners, but it is equally fond of skimming over the surface of the water; and numbers may be annually noticed about the sheet of water in Hyde Park, though it is difficult to say where in such a locality they contrive to incubate. The sand-martin, unlike its race, mines deep holes in sand or chalk cliffs, to the depth of two feet or even more, at the extremity of which it constructs a loose nest of fine grass and feathers, in which it rears its brood.

The following account is given by White, of Selborne, of the nest-building and other domestic habits of the house-martin, with which dwellers in towns are most familiar:—

A few house-martins begin to appear about the 16th of April; usually some few days later than the swallow. For some time after they appear, the *hirundines* in general pay no attention to the business of nidification, but play and sport about, either to recruit from the fatigue of their journey, if they do migrate at all, or else that their blood may recover its true tone and texture, after it has been so long benumbed by the severities of winter. About the middle of May, if the weather be fine, the martin begins to think in earnest of providing a mansion for its family. The crust or shell of this nest seems to be formed of such dirt or loam as comes most readily to hand, and is tempered and wrought together with little bits of broken straws to render it tough and tenacious. As this bird often builds against a perpendicular wall without any projecting ledge under, it requires its utmost efforts to get the first foundation firmly fixed, so that it may safely carry the superstructure. On this occasion the bird not only clings with its claws, but partly supports itself by strongly inclining its tail against the wall, making that a fulcrum; and thus steadied, it works and plasters the materials into the face of the brick or stone. But then, that this work may not, while it is soft and green, pull itself down by its own weight, the provident architect has prudence and forbearance enough not to advance her work too fast; but by building only in the morning, and by dedicating the rest

of the day to food and amusement, gives it sufficient time to dry and harden. About half an inch seems to be a sufficient layer for a day. Thus careful workmen when they build mud-walls (informed at first perhaps by this little bird) raise but a moderate layer at a time, and then desist, lest the work should become top-heavy, and so be ruined by its own weight. By this method, in about ten or twelve days, is formed a hemispheric nest, with a small aperture towards the top, strong, compact, and warm; and perfectly fitted for all the purposes for which it was intended. But then nothing is more common than for the house-sparrow, as soon as the shell is finished, to seize on it as its own, to eject the owner, and to line it after its own manner.

After so much labour is bestowed in erecting a mansion, as nature seldom works in vain, martins will live on for several years together in the same nest, where it happens to be well sheltered and secure from the injuries of weather. The shell or crust of the nest is a sort of rustic-work, full of knobs and protuberances on the outside; nor is the inside of those that I have examined smoothed with any exactness at all; but is rendered soft and warm, and fit for incubation, by a lining of small straws, grasses, and feathers; and sometimes by a bed of moss interwoven with wool. In this nest the hen lays from three to five white eggs.

At first, when the young are hatched, and are in a naked and helpless condition, the parent birds, with tender assiduity, carry out what comes away from their young. Was it not for this affectionate cleanliness, the nestlings would soon be burnt up, and destroyed in so deep and hollow a nest, by their own caustic excrement. In the quadruped creation, the same neat precaution is made use of; particularly among dogs and cats. But in birds there seems to be a particular provision, that the dung of nestlings is enveloped in a tough kind of jelly, and therefore is the easier conveyed off without soiling or daubing. Yet, as Nature is cleanly in all her ways, the young perform this office for themselves in a little time by thrusting their tails out at the aperture of their nest. As the young of small birds presently arrive at their *ἡλικία*, or full growth, they soon become impatient of confinement, and sit all day with their heads out at the orifice, where the dams, by clinging to the nest, supply them with food from morning to night. For a time the young are fed on the wing by their parents; but the feat is done by so quick and almost imperceptible a slight, that a person must have attended very exactly to their motions, before he would be able to perceive it. As soon as the young are able to shift for themselves, the dams immediately turn their thoughts to the business of a second brood; while the first flight, shaken off and rejected by their nurses, congregate in great flocks, and are the birds that are seen clustering and hovering, on sunny mornings and evenings, round towers and steeples, and on the roofs of churches and houses. These congregations usually begin to take place about the first week in August; and therefore we may conclude that by that time the first flight is pretty well over. The young of this species do not quit their abodes altogether, but the more forward birds get abroad some days before the rest. These, approaching the eaves of buildings, and playing about before them, make people think that several old ones attend one nest. They are often capricious in fixing on a nesting-place, beginning many edifices

and leaving them unfinished; but when once a nest is completed in a sheltered place, it serves for several seasons. Those which lay their eggs in a ready-finished house get the start, in hatching, of those that build new, by ten days or a fortnight. These industrious artificers are at their labours in the long days before four in the morning: when they fix their materials they plaster them on with their chins, moving their heads with a quick vibratory motion. They dip and wash as they fly sometimes in very hot weather, but not so frequently as swallows. It has been observed that martins usually build to a north-east or north-west aspect, that the heat of the sun may not crack and destroy their nests: but instances are also remembered where they built for many years in vast abundance in a hot stifled inn-yard, against a wall facing to the south.

Birds in general are wise in their choice of situation; but in this neighbourhood, every summer, is seen a strong proof to the contrary at a house without eaves, in an exposed district, where some martins build year by year in the corners of the windows. But, as the corners of these windows (which face to the south-east and south-west) are too shallow, the nests are washed down every hard rain; and yet these birds drudge on to no purpose from summer to summer, without changing their aspect or house. It is a piteous sight to see them labouring when half their nest is washed away, and bringing dirt "*generis lapsi sarcire ruinas.*" Thus is instinct a most wonderfully unequal faculty; in some instances so much above reason; in other respects, so far below it! Martins love to frequent towns, especially if there are great lakes and rivers at hand; nay, they even affect the close air of London. And I have not only seen them nesting in the Borough, but even in the Strand and Fleet Street; but then it was obvious from the dinginess of their aspect, that their feathers partook of the filth of that sooty atmosphere.

A BOOKSTALL BARGAIN.

THE volume which fortune has this time thrown in our way, and of which we have become the proprietor at the cost of a few pence, is one little known to bibliopoles. Copies of it might perhaps be found in libraries, but nobody would now think of looking for them. It has small claims to the notice of literary men, the subjects of which it treats having been handled in a masterly manner by writers of a later date. The wisdom it contains has been shelved and set aside—made over to the dust and the worms, which inquisitive gentry have perused it from end to end (doubtless digesting its contents), and have left their cylindrical burrows behind them as monuments of their perseverance. That the book does contain some store of wise words and thoughts, we shall have occasion to show presently; and when we do so the reader will probably discern the reason why it has passed into oblivion. He will also see that it is well worth exhuming for a few minutes, in some small degree for the sake of its contents, but much more for the sake of reviving some associations sufficiently curious of a historico-literary kind connected with it.

The volume is a small duodecimo, of more than seven hundred pages, bound in vellum, and printed in London by Nicholas Okes, in the year 1621. The only title-page is an engraved copper-plate, representing a shield in the shape of a human heart,

standing on a low column placed in the centre of a chequered platform. On each side of the column stand two female figures, those on the left representing Pleasure and Pain, those on the right Hope and Fear; the vacant spaces being filled up with winged cherubs. On the heart-shaped shield is inscribed the title, which runs as follows: "A Table of Humaine Passions, With their Causes and Effects. Written by ye Reverend Father in God, F. N. Coeffeteau, Bishop of Dardania, Councillor to ye French King in his Councils of Estate, Suffragane and Administrator generall of ye Bishopricke of Metz. Translated into English by Edw. Grimeston, Sergiant at Armes." The following is a brief account of the author of the book, and some of the particulars, it will be seen, are not wanting in interest to English readers. Nicholas Coeffeteau was born at Saint-Calais in the year 1574, and died at Paris in 1623. From boyhood he was remarkable for his grave seriousness and fondness for study, united to a natural gift of ready and eloquent speech. At the age of fourteen he joined the Dominican fraternity in the town of Mans. A very short time after, as he showed great signs of promise, he was sent to Paris, and there placed in the Convent of the Rue St. Jacques, where he prosecuted his studies with so much diligence and success as to win the warmest eulogiums from his superiors. They appointed him to a lectureship, and made him tutor to a philosophic class before he had arrived at the age when youths usually commence their philosophic studies. His conduct in this responsible office fully justified the choice of his superiors; his success was brilliant, and he quickly gained a reputation. It was supposed that he would have been the first philosopher of his day, but that the superior attractions and claims of theology won him to the side of religion, and he became instead the first Christian preacher. He had only to ascend the pulpit, and all Paris flocked to hear him, his popularity extending to all ranks of the people. In 1602 Henry IV appointed him his preacher in ordinary; and the members of the society to which he belonged in the same year elected him by acclamation Prior of the Convent of St. Jacques—having first named him a Director of the Congregation of France. His election to the priorate was the occasion of some scandal, and gave rise to a protracted and severe contest. In order for a candidate to be legally installed in this post, it was necessary, according to the statutes of the house, that he should be sixty years old, and that he should have already been prior to some other community. Nicholas Coeffeteau did not fulfil either of these conditions. He was not, indeed, half the prescribed age, and he had further given serious offence to some of his elders by the liberality of his opinions. The general of the Order was therefore prevailed upon to annul the election; but at this crisis Henry IV himself interfered in favour of his beloved preacher. The election was confirmed, and Coeffeteau took possession of his priory. Further promotion awaited him in the year 1606, when he was made Vicar-General of the Congregation of France. When, in 1610, Henry IV was assassinated by the fanatic Ravallac, Coeffeteau pronounced, in the church of Saint Benoît, an impressive funeral oration, and it is averred that the queen was so much moved by his eloquence that she made over to him the bishoprics of Lombers and Saintes; but of this there seems to be considerable doubt. At this time the reputation of Coeffeteau was much increased by his

controversial writings. He entered the lists against Pierre du Moulin and Duplessis Mornay, and in the eyes of the Roman Catholic party at least supported the national faith against heretical innovation. With the grace of a courtier, united to priestly zeal, he took up the pen against our own King James I, and it may be that it is to this circumstance the fact is due that any of Coeffeteau's writings ever assumed the English garb. His first performance against the royal polemic was entitled "An Examination of the Book of the Confession of Faith, published under the name of the King of Great Britain." This was followed, ere long, by two others, apparently elicited by the rejoinders of the King.

In 1617 Coeffeteau was made Bishop of Dardania, and as suffragan of the Bishop of Mentz he went to administer this diocese, in which Calvinism was at that time making great and rapid progress. The new Bishop does not seem to have been able to overthrow the new opinions or to prevent their general dissemination. He worked, and travelled, and wrote, and preached with unwearied zeal, but with rather equivocal success—and finally his health broke down, and he had to withdraw from this unpromising field of labour. In acknowledgment of his important services, he was in 1621 named Bishop of Marseilles; but the ill state of his health at the time did not permit of his filling the post, and he accordingly delegated the function to one of his coadjutors, a personal friend. In 1623 he had so far recovered as to contemplate visiting his diocese, and he was on the point of setting out on his journey to Marseilles, when he died suddenly at Paris, in the fiftieth year of his age.

This energetic man must have led a most laborious life, looking not only to the active duties he had to perform, but also to the quantity of literary work which he left behind him. As counsellor of state, as royal chaplain and popular preacher, and as itinerating bishop, he must have had important duties devolving upon him daily; yet he was the author of books, a bare list of which would more than fill one of these columns—some of them being works involving really wearisome labour; among them is a translation from the Latin, of Barclay's "Argenis," which in the original extends over a thousand pages. Were this the place to do so, we think we could show why it was that Coeffeteau, a sincere and serious divine, should bestow so much of his time in translating a work which is a mere fiction, and might rank with a three-volume novel of the present day. The explanation would illustrate the tolerant principles of the Bishop, and throw some light on the then state of religious opinion in France. But it is time for us to return to our bargain, the volume under hand.

The "Table of Humaine Passions" is done into English, as the title states, by a Mr. Edw. Grimeston, of whom we can learn nothing, but of whom we can predicate safely that he was either a man of very small conscientiousness, or one who indulged very freely in covert irony. For he dedicates his translation to the Marquis of Buckingham, then High Admiral of England, a man morally vile and worthless, and who, at the very time this book was published, was the abhorred nucleus of the popular hatred and disgust. He words his dedication so mysteriously, his language alternating between high-flown panegyric and abject devotedness, that, without dismissing all charity for the writer, it is difficult to believe him in earnest.

The contents of the volume are split up into twenty-

six chapters, treating, after a general introduction, of Love, Jealousy, Hatred, Enmity, Desire, Cupidity, Pleasure, Grief, Mercy, Indignation, Envy, Emulation, Courage, Fear, Shame, Choler, Hope, Mildness, and Gentleness. The style is that of the unformed prose writers of the time, and is deserving of the character which Hume awards it when he says that "English prose, during the reign of James, was written with little regard to the rules of grammar, and with a total disregard to the elegance and harmony of the period." In fact, the common style of the day was considerably worse than it had been in the previous generation, being disfigured with pedantry, and stuffed with Latinisms and absurd conceits. Many words still in general use bore a meaning different from that which they now bear: thus *let* meant to hinder, *prevent* stood for aid or prosper, *importune* was an adjective signifying unpleasing or disagreeable; and many other words tell us by the use made of them here that they had no fixed significance and were waiting for some such sturdy authority as Dr. Johnson's to decree them a position in our language. The word *its*, the possessive of *it*, does not occur once, and perhaps up to this time had had no existence, its place being supplied by *his* or *her*: the want of this useful word often changes the construction of a period, and forces the nominative case to be of two genders. The following sage counsel on the subject of Anger, furnishes an apt example: "He that will observe choler from the beginning, seeing it begin to fume and kindle for some light quarrel and small offence, it is easy for him to suppress *it*, and to stay *her* course: but if *she* be once settled and begins to swell, and that he himself blows the bellows, that is to say, if he stirs it up and inflames it, it will be hard for him afterwards to quench it." On this same subject of Anger, or, as he terms it, Choler, the Bishop dilates through several chapters, with considerable prolixity, but also with much sound sense and worthy purpose: his aim throughout this entire performance seems to be to illustrate the maxims of his favourite philosophy by Christian examples, and to temper and correct them by some infusion of Christian doctrine.

"Men are commonly moved to Choler when as they see themselves contemned. And if we seek the cause in the centre, we shall find that the reason is, for that men desire passionately to see themselves honoured, and they believe that such as are inferior unto them, be it in nobility, power, virtue, or any other eminent quality, are bound to yield them duty and respect. . . . And if their inferiors fail to yield them the honour due unto them, they cannot endure this injury, but fall into rage, and seek occasions to punish this contempt. . . . And to speak truth, there is nothing but the wisdom of God, and the law of Jesus Christ, that can pull out of our souls this feeling of a contempt, or of an injury received unworthily." Then, following the lead of the old schoolmen, he observes that there are three kinds of Choler: First there is a kind "whose motions are sudden and prompt, and which inflame upon the first occasions . . . but as it is kindled suddenly, so it is quenched with little pain, like unto the waves of the sea, which rise and break at the same instant." Secondly, "there is a kind of Choler, which takes root, and is fashioned in the soul by a long continuance of time, during the which man doth represent unto himself the form of that party which hath wronged him, and preserveth the memory of the

injury he hath received." Thirdly, "there is a kind (although it differs not much from the second) the which doth wholly transport men, torments them perpetually, and never gives them any rest until they have satisfied their revenge." . . . "The first," he remarks, "is found in the best dispositions, but the two other are signs of bad inclinations. To conclude, there is not any one of them, but we should avoid and fly from, as a poison which kills charity, which should shine in all the motions and actions of Christians. And if we are at any time surprised, let us be angry, but sin not; let nature work her first effect, but let us stay her violence, and above all, let not the sun go down upon our wrath." . . . "The highest and goodliest part of the world, and nearest to the firmament and stars, is never covered with clouds, and in whose bosom there is never any hail, rain, winds, nor other tempests congealed; there is never any thunder nor lightning. In like manner a spirit truly elevated, a generous soul, is always quiet, moderate and grave, never suffering it to be transported with the furious motions of Choler."

The above quotations may serve as samples of the kind of philosophy composing the bulk of the book. In making these extracts we have not tried to follow the old spelling. According to the evidence furnished by this book, the orthography of the English language in the year 1621 was in an utterly unsettled state. The commonest words are here spelled several different ways: the nominative plural *we* is spelled indifferently *vve*, *vvee*, and *wee*; *believe* takes the shape of *believe*, *beleeeve*, and *beleve*; *amidst* is *amidst*, and *amidst*; *joy* is *ioy*, and *ioye*; and of a hundred other words it may be affirmed that at this time (not two hundred and fifty years ago), there was no established mode of expressing them by signs. Further, some of the words used by Mr. Grimeston are not now to be found in our language at all—such are *dazeled*, which stands for *dazzled*, *rathest*, the superlative of *rathe* (soon), of which adjective we only retain the comparative form "rather;" and *experimenet*, which seems to stand for approved in the sense of proved by experience.

If space allowed it would be interesting to glance at the author's introduction, in which, with amusing seriousness, he recites the Aristotelian doctrine, and refers the existence of all the human passions to the motions of those two appetites of the sensitive soul, the irascible and the concupiscible; but we must forbear, concluding with a passage in which the worthy Bishop rises to poetic enthusiasm concerning Love. "To banish Love from a civil life, and the conversation of men, were not only to deprive the year of her goodliest season, but also as it were to pull the sun out of the firmament, and to fill the whole world with horror and confusion. For what is there in this life, be it amidst honours and glory, in riches and treasures, yea, in delights and pleasures, that can give" etc., etc.!

The publication of this translation was probably well received by King James, who by his learning was well able to weigh the merits of the original, and who was too ostentatious a scholar himself to be offended by its pedantry. That George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, never read a dozen pages of it we verily believe; and we believe, too, that if it were reprinted now, the English public would follow the Duke's example—so heavily is the thin vein of gold it encloses overlaid with the trite and long-winded platitudes of a bygone day.

Varieties.

CONVENT LIFE.—In Thackeray's "Irish Sketch Book" is an article on convents. Referring to the Ursuline Convent at Blackrock, near Cork, he says: "In the grille is a little wicket and a ledge before it. It is to this wicket that women are brought to kneel; and a bishop is in a chapel on the other side, and takes their hands in his, and receives their vows. I had never seen the like before, and felt a sort of shudder in looking at the place. There rest the girl's knees as she offers herself up, and forswears the sacred affections which God gave her; there she kneels and denies for ever the beautiful duties of her being—no tender maternal yearnings—no gentle attachments are to be had for her or from her—there she kneels and commits suicide upon her heart. Oh, honest Martin Luther! thank God you came to pull that infernal, wicked, unnatural altar down—that cursed Paganism! I came out of the place quite sick; and looking before me, there, thank God! was the blue spire of Monkstown Church, soaring up into the free sky—a river in front, rolling away to the sea—liberty, sunshine, all sorts of glad life and motion, round about; and I couldn't but thank Heaven for it, and the Being whose service is freedom, and who has given us affections that we may use them—not smother and kill them; and a noble world to live in, that we may admire it and Him who made it—not shrink from it, as though we dared not live there, but must turn our backs upon it and its bountiful Provider. I declare I think, for my part, that we have as much right to permit Sutteeism in India as to allow women in the United Kingdom to take these wicked vows, or Catholic bishops to receive them."

SERENE ATMOSPHERE OF THE BENCH.—Mr. Justice Willes interrupted the speech of counsel in an election petition. His lordship begged to remind the learned counsel that he was not a jury, and that his passions having been burnt out long ago, it was useless to appeal to them. He wished, therefore, the learned counsel would let his feelings alone, for he could assure him that they had been so long smothered in the calm regions of banco, that it was a difficult matter to stir them up.

THE TEMPLE AT JERUSALEM.—Captain Warren, R.E., has made some unexpected discoveries in consequence of the displacement of the ground by heavy rains. He has ascertained that the north wall of the platform of the Mosque of Omar is built on the edge of a perpendicular scarped rock. If the present flooring of the Haram Area was removed, a sudden artificial gap, running from east to west, would be visible in the surface of the rock. Captain Warren succeeded in examining this gap for some distance, when he found a subterranean arcade, about 35 feet in width, which apparently runs the whole length of the platform, 520 feet. It supports the flooring of the Haram Area, and has no appearance of being constructed for a tank; there is not a sign of plaster about it, and the rock seems to have been scarped for view. The arches appear to be Saracenic, while the masonry in the walls is of a very miscellaneous character. This discovery will probably affect the plan of future operations, as it does not tally with previous conjectures. The great difficulty about the matter is the unwillingness of the Turkish authorities to concede permission to explore inside the Haram. He says that he has been for several months waiting an opportunity to examine the ground on the northern side of the Mosque, as he is convinced there are vaults there, and he now thinks it likely the *souterrain* extends all along the northern edge of the Mosque platform.

HOW PRUSSIA BECAME A KINGDOM.—Frederick, eldest son of Frederick William, succeeded his father as Elector of Brandenburg in 1668. This prince was deformed, in consequence of an accident which had occurred to him in infancy, and therefore was sometimes called "The Royal Æsop." In spite of his personal defects, he was fond of show and pomp, vain and dissipated. Unworthy successor as he was to his illustrious father, to whom he was immeasurably inferior in ability, his government was at first popular, for he was guided in state affairs by Dankelmann, who, though somewhat severe, was thoroughly just. But unhappily for his subjects, Frederick soon got tired of this monitor, and transferred his favour to a worthless, cunning adventurer of the name of Kolbe, whose wife, a coarse, low-born woman of great beauty, was his favourite. He bestowed on the unworthy pair the titles of Count and Countess von Wartenburg, and succumbed in everything to their influence. Dankelmann, who ventured to con-

tradict his master and oppose his favourite schemes when he thought them dangerous, was arrested and thrown into prison at Spandau, and Kolbe succeeded him as Prime Minister, though utterly ignorant of the duties he had to perform. His desire to keep himself in the Elector's good graces led him to flatter his vanity and ambition in every possible way; and when Augustus of Saxony became King of Poland, and William of Orange King of England, he contrived to inspire Frederick, who was jealous of them, with the notion of becoming a king too. It was Dankelmann's opposition to this project which caused his disgrace. As Elector of Brandenburg, and one of the princes of the empire, it was impossible, according to the ideas which then prevailed in Europe, for him to assume the regal title; but he held Prussia independently, and there was nothing to hinder his becoming king of Prussia, if he could only induce the other states of Europe to acknowledge him as such. Circumstances favoured his design. In the year 1700, Charles II of Spain died, and left his throne by will to the grandson of Louis XIV of France. The Emperor claimed it for his son, and the "War of the Succession" commenced. England and Holland sided with the Emperor; the Electors of Cologne and Bavaria joined Louis, and the Emperor was glad to secure the alliance of Frederick, even at the cost of permitting him to assume the title of king. Kolbe facilitated the recognition of his master's new dignity by distributing six millions of dollars (worth about one million sterling) in bribes, of which the Jesuits in Vienna are said to have received 200,000 dollars. The establishment of this petty kingdom was generally ridiculed as a piece of childish vanity on the part of Frederick, unlikely to lead to any important consequences; but the Pope objected to it, and the celebrated Prince Eugene exclaimed that the councillors who recommended the Emperor to recognise the King of Prussia, deserved to be hanged. On the 18th January, 1701, the kingdom of Prussia was founded, and Frederick and his consort, Charlotte Sophia of Hanover, were solemnly crowned at Königsberg, Frederick himself placing the crown first on his own and then on the Queen's head. The Order of the Black Eagle was instituted at the same time. Frederick imitated the rigid etiquette of the Spanish court in his little kingdom, surrounded his palace with Swiss guards, and indulged his taste for pomp and magnificence at a very extravagant cost. Kolbe drew funds from the unfortunate people in various and novel ways. Taxes on wigs, dresses, and hogs' bristles were imposed; and it is scarcely necessary to say that the extortionate minister took good care to fill his own pockets, as well as provide means for his master's luxurious pleasures. He even had recourse to alchemy to procure gold; and one alchemist, bearing the high-sounding titles of Don Dominico Caetano, Conte de Ruggiero, was put to death (as a punishment for deceiving the King) in a rather singular manner, being hanged on a gilded gallows, in a toga made of gilt paper. At length, however, the beauty of the Countess von Wartenburg began to fade, while her arrogance increased, and she lost her influence over the King. The malpractices of her husband were discovered in consequence of a quarrel between him and one of his accomplices, a Count Wittgenstein; but he was punished only by banishment with his wife, and the indulgent King even settled a pension of 24,000 dollars on them.—*The History of Prussia, from the Times of the Knights of the Cross and Sword to the Occupation of Hanover, 1867.* Whittaker and Co. (A useful little manual.)

CITY GARDENING.—I have tried every hardy evergreen, deciduous shrub, and forest tree I could think of, also the conifers, and the following is the result:—Evergreens, box, rhododendrons, aucuba japonica, holly, euonymus, ivy, privet, arbor-vitæ. These are all the evergreens. I can recommend deciduous shrubs; all the varieties of lilac, guelder rose, althea or hibiscus rose (this blooms in the autumn, and is much admired), the maiden blush rose, rose de Meaux, the old Provence; these are all the roses I can manage to get a few blooms from. The largest trees I find do best are the plane, all the poplars, more especially the balsam poplar, thorns, elder (this will grow under trees, or any confined place), the mulberry, catalpa, fig, almond, all the willows, especially the palm (I have sent you a sprig of it coming into bloom), which is exceedingly free in blooming, and very interesting in February and March, with its silvery bud and yellow bloom.—S. BROOME, Temple Gardens.

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